National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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ON HORSEBACK.

Incidents in the History of the 10th New York Cavalry.

SHERIDAN'S GREAT RAID

Around Lee's Army to the Gates of the Confederate Capital.

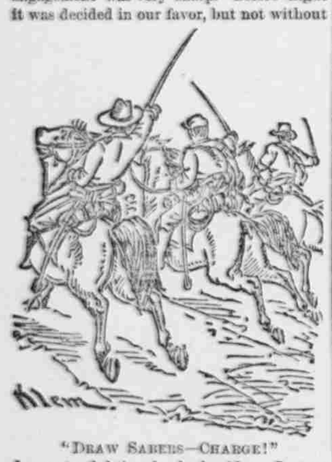
THE WELDON RAILROAD.

How It was Broken Up by Cavalry and Infantry.

BY C. W. WILES, 10TH N. Y. CAV., CORTLAND, N. Y.

THE FIGHT AT ALDIE.

In June, 1863, while the armies of Hooker and Lee were making their way to the North, the latter for the invasion of Pennsylvania and the former for its defense, the Third Cavalry Brigade, under Gen. Gregg, marched by way of Aldie, Va., skirting the foot of the mountains and keeping watch of Stuart's horsemen to prevent a dash upon our trains. When we reached Aldie, one pleasant afternoon, we found a portion of the rebel cavalry. Our regiment (the 10th N. Y. Cav.) was posted near the town, supporting a battery. Here we had a good view of the engagement. Among other regiments, I remember seeing some gallant charges made by the 2d N. Y. Cav. and 1st Me. Cav. The engagement was very sharp. Before night it was decided in our favor, but not without



"DRAW SABERS—CHARGE!"

desperate fighting by both sides. Just at night we moved beyond the town, passing the field so hotly contested, and camped for the night.

The next morning we were ready to move at dawn. When a short distance from camp we heard an explosion and saw one of our caissons go up in the air and fragments flying about in every direction. Several men and horses were killed. We had but little time to investigate, as business in front required our immediate attention.

We soon came to and passed the town of Middleburg, and a short distance in advance we found the enemy just over a ravine and beyond a wheatfield. Cos. A and L were soon dismounted and on the skirmish-line. As they crossed the ravine and crowded up to the wheatfield the exercises commenced, and some very lively firing was done by both sides.

The enemy had some artillery in the edge of the wood beyond the wheatfield, and soon a battery, under the direction of Kilpatrick, was making music in our rear. Our long range carbines made it very lively for the enemy's gunners, and at times compelled them to cease firing.

About 4 o'clock a mounted charge was made, the remainder of our regiment taking part. The rebels were driven from their position and we occupied the ground. Two or three Confederate officers of note were among the killed and wounded in our hands.

We remained on the field that night, without fire or shelter, in a drenching rain storm. The next day we remained on the field and amused ourselves by getting rid of the water that had accumulated on our persons the night before. The day following this, the 21st of June, we were ready for business.

Soon after light two pieces of artillery were brought up, and our friends, the enemy, were notified that we

WISHED THEM TO MOVE ON,

and they did so. About noon we pushed after them and assisted their retreat by a few shots now and then, driving them steadily back over a rough and stony country some miles, when we reached a stone bridge over a narrow, deep ravine. Here they concluded to rest, and our advance was met with a sharp musketry and artillery fire. Our reliable three-inch rifles were soon in position, and a portion of our brigade dismounted. Some lively work was done, and in a short time we were across the bridge. The rebel battery lost nearly half its horses by the close range of our three-inch rifles.

Just before sunset we drove the enemy through the town of Upperville on a gallop, capturing some prisoners and retaking some of our men who had been captured at Aldie and Middleburg. Closing around the enemy we drove them into a gap (Ashby's) in the mountains, and camped for the night.

The next morning we fell back along the pike. Just before reaching Middleburg our rear-guard was attacked, and some sharp skirmishing followed. We were now on the field which we had won but a few days before. A line of skirmishers was formed along the trampled wheatfield. Our regiment was drawn up on a side hill in the rear and supporting the skirmish-line.

Soon the enemy brought two pieces of artillery to the edge of the woods and saluted us with a charge of canister. Fortunately for us the distance was too great to do us much harm. They made it too warm for us with shells, and we soon fell back. The enemy followed, closely crowding our skirmishers, until we had nearly reached Aldie, when a stand was made behind a stone wall and some sharp firing was done by artillery and carbines. The rebels made a mounted charge, which was repulsed. We were soon on our way to Gettysburg and they to the same place, where we soon met again.

THE RAID AROUND LEE'S ARMY.

Many of the boys will remember Sheridan's famous raid around Lee's army and into the fortifications of Richmond, while the army under Grant was fighting in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. It was about the 11th of May, 1864, when the column under the command of the Rough Rider went into camp near Yellow Tavern, at a place called Ground Squirrel Church, a lonely brick building located in a beautiful oak grove.

At daybreak on the morning of the 12th the bugles awoke the slumbering dragoons, and the head of the column moved on toward Richmond. Our regiment, having had the advance the day before, was now assigned to the rear of the column. We soon moved out to relieve the 1st Me. Cav., which was on picket in the rear of our camp, that it might take its place in the column. We found the Maine boys skirmishing with the enemy. Our regiment formed in a field and a portion were detailed to go on the line, but before this was accomplished the 1st Me. withdrew, and we moved by fours into the road and started back toward the church. Before we reached that place the enemy, said to have been 2,500 strong, gave us a charge with drawn sabers, led by Gen. Stuart. The display they made was an imposing one, but not at all pleasant for us, as we were marching from them by fours in a narrow road, with no chance to form.

They were soon upon us, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. It was every man for himself, our boys principally with carbines and revolvers and the rebels with sabers. All was confusion. The clang of the saber and the crack of the carbine were heard on every side; firing a shot in one direction, then warding off a saber blow in another. Riderless horses with blood-stained saddles rushed through the melee. Dismounted men were making their escape to the rear. All these made a picture that could not well be overdrawn.

Soon the forces began to separate, the enemy falling back and we following. Almost every member of the regiment had exciting incidents and hairbreadth escapes to narrate. Some were knocked from their horses, and escaped by

CATCHING THE TAILS

of the animals, and were thus taken out of the fight. Some had saber cuts on the head, others on the body. Some were killed and many were badly wounded, and left at a house near by.

We have always supposed that Gen. Stuart received his death-wound in this fight, and from some member of our regiment. The loss of Gen. Stuart to the enemy could not be replaced. While they had many fine cavalry officers, there was but one Stuart.

After leaving the enemy at Ground Squirrel Church, we pressed on toward Richmond. One morning, soon after daylight, we entered the first line of fortifications with but little opposition. Passing this line, we were soon engaged directly in front of their main line. Here we found plenty of fine clover, and our cool commander ordered a portion of our horses to be grazed, while the rest keep the enemy in check. About noon 12 cannon were placed on a rise of ground, and the people of Richmond were soon greeted with Yankee shells.

After resting our horses, Custer's Division led the advance across Meadow Bridge, and we passed through Mechanicsville, over the historic ground of Seven Pines and on to Malvern Hill, reaching the James River at Hoxall's Landing, where we communicated

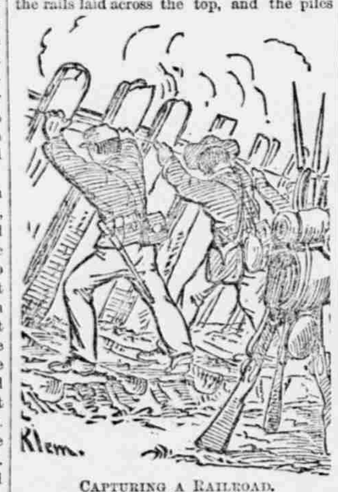
GEN. "JEB" STUART.

with the gunboats. Thence we went to White House Landing, where we received rations and forage. Resting our horses for a few days, we marched to Hanover Court-house and joined the Army of the Potomac, having made a raid around Lee's army, cutting the railroad in his rear in several places and burning many stores, besides drawing his cavalry away from Grant's army. Last, but not least, we had a look into the Confederate Capital, and gave its people a fright which they did not get over for many a day.

BREAKING THE WELDON RAILROAD.

In the early Winter of 1864 an expedition under Maj.-Gen. Warren was organized for the destruction of the Weldon Railroad. On the 7th of December Gen. Gregg's Division of Cavalry was saddled and mounted at daylight and moved down the Jerusalem plank road, followed by the Fifth Corps and Mott's Division of the Second Corps. Marching down the plank road about 10 miles we turned across the country toward the railroad, which we reached about 4 o'clock p. m. We found a few of the enemy, who gave us a little skirmish. Soon the infantry came up and we moved on, driving the enemy before us, while the infantry commenced the serious work of the expedition, which was to so disable the railroad as to make it of no further use to Lee's army.

To accomplish this a brigade was marched along the road and halted, and arms were stacked. Then every man grasped a tie or rail, and with a "Yo-heave!" the track the entire length of the column was turned over. The ties were pried off and corded, the rails laid across the top, and the piles



CAPTURING A RAILROAD.

fired. After the rails were heated they were so bent and twisted as to be entirely useless.

We pushed the enemy before us only so fast as the infantry destroyed the track, until we reached Three Creek River, a small, deep, sluggish stream, over which the enemy made a stand, having fired the railroad bridge and pulled down the highway bridge, leaving only one piece of timber.

The 1st battalion of our regiment, companies A and L, were brought front into line, and under the command of Maj. Snyder made a mounted charge down across the fields to the river, where they received a sharp fire from the enemy, losing some men and horses. Finding the railroad bridge on fire, and no place to cross, they fell back a short distance, formed a mounted skirmish-line, and opened on the enemy. Soon the order to dismount was given. The boys made a rush for the remnant of the highway bridge and were soon across, the enemy leaving in hot haste.

Just previous to this the enemy opened fire from a small cannon, doing no harm and only serving to excite the boys, who wanted to get their hands on it. Before they could cross the gun disappeared in the woods. A lively chase across the flat, up the hill, and into the woods was made, but only a few dead and wounded fell into our hands.

Here our troops were halted until the brigade could cross with their horses. Soon the 1st N. J. passed us at a gallop and disappeared in the woods, from which we soon heard rapid and heavy firing. In a short time their led horses were brought back, and we were sent up to their support. When we arrived at the farther edge of the woods we were in plain view of the Meherrin River Bridge, protected by heavy earthworks and guns. The shells were

DROPPING INTO THE TALL TIMBER

very lively, and every man selected his tree. Here we remained until dark, when we were withdrawn, joined our horses and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Having orders not to unsaddle or unpack, we passed the night standing or sitting around sputtering fires in a rainstorm which turned to hail and sleet. Our coats, horses and saddles were covered with ice the next morning. A more disagreeable night we never passed. When morning came, cold, wet and hungry we recrossed the river, the enemy following us up sharply for some distance. We found it necessary to use artillery to keep them back.

Passing through the infantry we were soon again in the advance. At the picket-line we were informed that the rebels were "just out there." Unslinging carbines we made ready for them, our regiment leading, Capt. Perry in command of the advance-guard. We marched about three miles before we met the large force which our friends on picket supposed were in front of them. We found one man on picket, who galloped off at our approach. About a mile farther on we saw two more. We gave them a chase until we reached Garrard's Depot, where they turned to the left on a road that ran through the woods. Across this road they had a barricade and we opened fire on them.

Soon the regiment came up and Col. Avery ordered a squadron to charge up the road, which it did, falling into an ambuscade and losing many men and horses. Gen. Davies came up and two pieces of artillery were opened on the enemy. On the arrival of Gen. Gregg the whole column was ordered on, with but one regiment left to occupy the attention of the enemy. Just at dark we came up with the infantry, who had taken a shorter cut, and all went into camp.

The next day we pushed on for our old Winter quarters. Just at night we reached the Jerusalem plank road where the infantry were going into camp for the night. Some of our boys hearing the officers discussing the question of going on to camp or a bivouac in the woods, a cry was raised "On to the Winter quarters!" which passed down the line until every man had expressed his opinion, and on we went, reaching our comfortable log-cabins about midnight.

A Soldier's Pocket Piece.

TO THE EDITOR: I have in my possession an old coin, one side of which is polished and has engraved upon it "Wm. McGulgal. Co. G. 12th Ills. Volunteers Inf't." The comrade is living and will correspond with me. I should only be too glad to return the piece if the comrade could be found.—J. D. CRAIG, Mt. Carmel, Wabash Co., Ill.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The Struggle of Sunday as Seen by an Enlisted Man.

ON HORSE SHOE RIDGE.

The Magnificent Courage of Thomas and His Men.

LONGSTREET'S VETERANS

Flung Back in Defeat From Oft-Repeated Assaults.

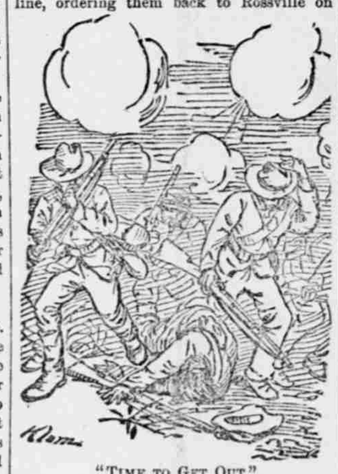
BY H. ALLSPAUGH, FIRST SERGEANT, CO. H, 31ST OHIO, ROCK RAPIDS, IOWA.

For years I have looked in vain for an account of that memorable Sunday at Chickamauga as seen by Thomas's "demoralized veterans" who carried muskets on that occasion, and will now ask your forbearance while I contribute to history an account of what occurred in my immediate front on that eventful day. History is simple truth. It will matter little to the reader of a hundred years hence who it was that laid the plans for the winning hosts at Gettysburg, and the student of history in the 20th century will care more to know what caused the defeat or saved our army at Chickamauga than to learn the name of the officer who would rather sacrifice the army than disobey an order. Surely nothing can take the place of the simple, unvarnished truth if we would do ourselves justice, though our favorite General may not reach the highest pinnacle of fame.

To be a little plain, I will risk the indorsement of the boys when I assert that had those valiant Generals

WITH A LITERARY TENDENCY

fought as hard to earn a reputation as they have for the last 20 years to sustain their claims to an imperishable name, they would be known by a grateful country and occupy their desired position, and be the object of "hero-worship" by the soldiers who gained for them what they may possess of military fame. Let us do our duty—we of the enlisted variety—as we learned to do it where our whole duty was to obey orders. Yet we did disobey on some occasions and used the American instinct bred in us to do as we pleased. For instance, when a prominent General rode frantically among the disorganized troops after the breaking of the line, ordering them back to Rossville on



"TIME TO GET OUT."

that morning of which I write, enough disobeyed in the vicinity of the State road to hold the line.

Just here is a good place for my assertion that it was the pluck and marksmanship of the Western troops that saved our army from annihilation on Sunday, Sept. 20, 1863; and I would be the last man to detract from the grand, imperishable fame of our hero, "Pap" Thomas, if such a thing were possible.

"Why," said one of Longstreet's officers, who became a prisoner during the battle, "When we got the lines of the Potomac army broken the work was done, but you fellows don't begin to get down to business until it's every fellow for himself."

True, this does not speak well for the discipline of the old Army of the Cumberland, but may account for our escape from some of the tight places into which we got by obeying orders.

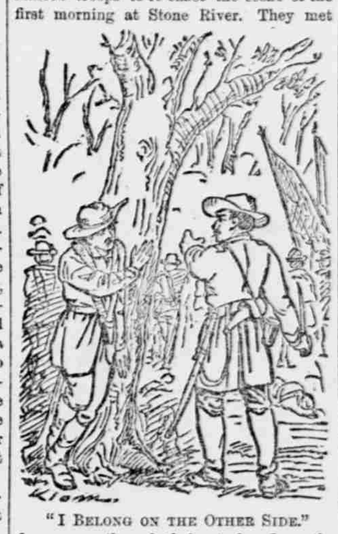
Saturday night closed down upon a drawn battle. We of the left had fought since the morning, when Brannan and Baird encountered Forrest, and held an advanced position at nightfall. We had taken and retaken batteries, and Sunday morning found our division (Brannan's) a little to the left of the State road, with our brigade (the First) on the extreme right of the division and the first to feel the effects of Longstreet's flank fire after he had thrust his forces through the gap made by Wood in his military promptness to obey an order.

After reaching our position on the line we had thrown up a temporary breastwork of logs and rails, and here, on this beautiful Sabbath morning, while in our Northern homes the cheerful church bells were pealing forth their summons and loved ones were gathering in familiar places of worship, we

LEANED UPON OUR MUSKETS

or reclined in line awaiting the rebel onset. We had learned from prisoners of the day before of heavy rebel reinforcements from Virginia. We knew something of the distance we were from our base of supplies, and every man seemed to feel a responsibility he had never felt before. Of cowards there were none left in our ranks. The fighting of the previous day had left only men who could be depended upon; men who had struggled hand to hand with the enemy the day before were not likely to do anything but their duty in the desperate struggle that was impending. That peculiar stillness which precedes a storm had settled down over the scene, and the blanched cheeks and vigorous swallowing of some imaginary object by the soldier on the right or left was no evidence that he had not been a real hero, and would not before nightfall perform deeds of heroism that would be told in song and story to coming generations.

At length the quiet was broken on the left as the enemy's pickets, backed by heavy skirmish-lines, pushed forward to develop our position. The sharp, rattling fire of the pickets was followed by the volleys of the reserves as they were reached by the enemy's advance. Then came the partial lull followed by the wild yell from thousands of rebel throats as Bragg pushed forward his massed troops to re-enact the scene of the first morning at Stone River. They met



"I BELONG ON THE OTHER SIDE."

foemen worthy of their steel, and as the volleys of musketry mingled with the deep boom of double-shotted cannon kept creeping to the right we grasped our muskets more tightly, planted our feet more firmly on the line, and awaited with breathless anxiety the coming of our part in the great tragedy drawing upon us in its full reality.

Nor did we have long to wait. Our skirmishers were soon seen dodging back to our lines with empty guns. Artillerymen were stripping for the fray. In less time than it requires to record it the storm had

BURST UPON US IN ALL ITS FURY.

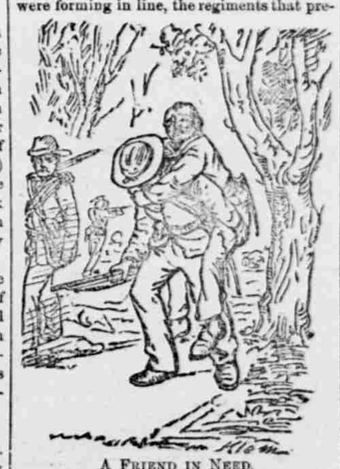
The impulse following the first fire upon the enemy is to start for the rear, and is common to thousands of as good troops as ever enjoyed a half ration of pork, but does not prove that we who started on this occasion did not return before reaching a point three rods away and shoot as hard and straight as did those who did not start.

We had fired a number of rounds into the heavy columns in our front, when our attention was attracted by troops at a right-shoulder-shift moving obliquely to the right past our front. This did not concern us much at the time, but when a little later Longstreet's people had planted a battery on our right flank and were sending in with it a full complement of canister and shell, we thought it best to get out of that, without orders, if necessary. How we retired from the wood in our rear and retreated through the field still further back will be remembered by the boys while they live, and, we imagine, related to their grandchildren by hundreds of Longstreet's veterans as they sit in the shade of their Southern homes toying with the wooden leg or keeping time with the stump of an arm, a reminder of this occasion.

Our division was almost wholly made up of Western troops, men who were accustomed to the use of firearms from boyhood, and their manner of falling back before an enemy might possibly help to account for the great difference in the losses sustained by the two armies in this field fight; that is, assuming that our whole army fell back in a similar manner. This might not account for the difference of 7,866 men in killed and wounded, as shown by Gen. Cist in his account of the battle, but it is only fair to assume that had we fallen back to Chattanooga at the same rate it would have been necessary for Bragg to make another draft upon Lee's army to

CARRY OFF HIS DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Fortunately for the Southern cause we did not fall back very far, for directly in rear of the field mentioned there arose a forest of scrub-oaks, and yet farther back began a series of wooded hills, upon which our men were forming in line, the regiments that pre-



A FRIEND IN NEED.

served their organization forming under their officers and the disorganized masses, as if by instinct, halting and forming a front that was soon to meet a line that had yet to learn the real meaning of the word defeat.

The struggle in the forest before the summit of the hills was reached must have convinced our foes that they were not dealing with "three-months men," and that it was possible for men to do some damage with firearms, though they were not arrayed in exact military order under the supervision of West Pointers. The impetuous line of Longstreet's veterans opposed to the stalwart yeomanry of the West had so effectually melted away before that irregular but effective fire that it was glad to await its reserves before making an assault upon the hills, which were beginning to frown with barricades of logs and rails. At points in the wood the fighting had almost been hand to hand, yet was but a prelude to the struggle that awaited us for the possession of the barricades on Horse Shoe Ridge on that long, eventful Sabbath afternoon, and though the individual acts of heroism and patriotic devotion witnessed in that forest

WOULD FILL VOLUMES,

the time to test a man's real pluck and devotion to his flag, as we afterward learned, was yet to arrive.

Nor was this place of close work destitute of its amusing and pathetic scenes. At one point, in a countercharge, we occupied a position held a few moments before by the enemy, which brought their skulkers and killed and wounded in the rear of or mixed up with our irregular line. Seeing a fine-looking young soldier, dressed in a neat suit of dark blue, unarmed, and standing behind a tree for protection, a pompous Colonel inquired why he was not firing like the others.

"Why, I'm a color-bearer," said the soldier, hugging the tree still closer and exhibiting his color-belt.

"Well, then, where is your flag?" said the Colonel, who liked to carry a point.

"I lost it in that close work back there," said the soldier.

"Well, pick up a gun and go to work like the other men," said the officer, thinking he had added one more soldier to our depleted ranks.

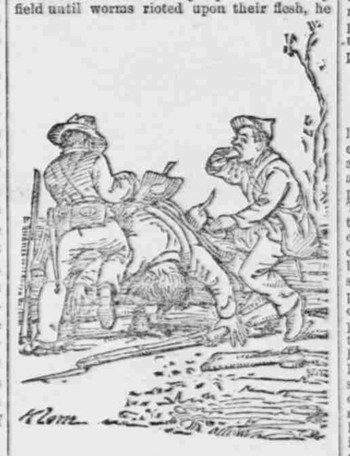
"Why, Colonel," said the soldier, with a kind of foolish look getting possession of his face, "I b'long on t'other side." And sure enough it was one of Longstreet's men that the Colonel had been trying to force into our ranks. Just then was no time to care for struggling prisoners, and as the enemy occupied the ground a short time after, the young color-bearer probably rejoined his regiment, and may yet live to tell his children how near he came to bearing arms on the Federal side.

And this contested ground had also its pathetic scenes. As we finally fell back to the summit it become necessary to abandon many of our killed and wounded, among them a noble-looking young soldier, member of an Illinois regiment, who, shot through both thighs, lay helpless. His appealing look as I passed was more than humanity could resist, and asking him to clasp his arms about my neck, I gained an erect position and made an attempt to

BEAR HIM BEYOND DANGER;

but in vain, for, as I leaned forward in bearing my burden, his legs, which hung limp and lifeless, became entangled with my own wearied limbs and I was soon compelled to abandon him from sheer want of strength. As I sank down upon the ground he unclasped his arms, and, with a look of mingled gratitude and resignation that will cling to me through life, sank back upon the earth.

When the student of history remembers that some of our wounded lay upon that bloody field until worms rioted upon their flesh, he



SUPPLIES IN AN EMERGENCY.

can form a faint idea of what it meant to be abandoned upon the battlefield and left to the mercy of Southern hatred. Aye, and had the reader been at the opening in our works at Chattanooga when, nine days after the battle, the long ambulance train of our paroled wounded passed back through our lines, and seen the poor victims as they passed lifting the stump of a leg or waving the remnant of an arm in the air and cheering for the Union, he might learn, too, the real meaning of practical patriotism; nor would he need to wonder why it was that many of the witnesses of this painful scene, as we stood ranged along the road, suddenly turned, drew the soiled blouse-sleeve across their eyes and trudged back to their tents.

Escaping the bullets which had kept the air about me musical since the enemy's assault in the morning, I soon found myself among the defenders of Horse Shoe Ridge—"the whipped troops of Geo. H. Thomas," as a certain General chose to describe us, who were preparing to stay on that line

EITHER AS VICTORS OR VICTIMS.

Men who were inclined to straggle did not halt there, and probably the most prolonged hand-to-hand contest of the war took place that calm Sabbath afternoon for the possession of that portion of the ridge occupied by the concentrated front of Wood, Brannan, Palmer and Reynolds. A knowledge of military skill would hardly have taken the place of pluck upon that occasion and saved the army from the worst defeat it ever met.

Some very unmilitary scenes were witnessed there; for instance, a commissioned officer in the ranks armed with musket and bayonet, while a private with ramrod in lieu of sword led that portion of the line into the fight. Verily, tactics were at a discount there, and the determination to stay that pervaded the remnant of Rosecrans's army upon that ridge was worth more to the country than all the knowledge distributed throughout the land in a quarter of a century from its West Point depot.

The possession of the rail piles crowning the ridge was more than once decided with empty muskets, and each man who tarried there and did his whole duty felt a responsibility resting upon him that he could not shake off—felt that while his own immediate front was firm the army was safe.

Perhaps the most intensely-thrilling moments of interest to our portion of the line was when a brigade of Longstreet's Mississippians were moving forward to again wrestle with the sons of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa for the proprietorship of the low rail piles behind which we lay awaiting another assault.

"For God's sake, hurry up that ammunition; they are coming again," was the word that was passed back from those in front, and the frequent click of a bayonet as it found its way over the muzzle of an empty musket gave emphasis to the demand.

Just at this crisis there appeared, only a few paces in rear of our part of the line, the man who of all others on this planet could do the most good in that emergency; and as the cries for ammunition increased, mingled with curses and threats from the more impatient, a few of us then and there heard our first, last and only oral command from Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, which has passed down to history:

"GIVE THEM THE COLD STEEL."

How it thrilled us! And if those tall Southerners who came toiling up the slope in our front, with their hat-rims drawn down over their eyes, found such a weak fire as they advanced, but a horde of reckless fiends as they reached the summit, this may explain it to their satisfaction, for that command of "Pap" Thomas seemed to transform men into whole platoons.

It was not a question of life or death, for men seemed as reckless of life when it came to the hand-to-hand part as if engaged in a game of football. They had lost all fear of death, and the ghastly faces of the dead around and the appeals of the wounded no longer impressed the senses of men who the day before might have risked life and limb to save a comrade or wept in sympathy with one in sorrow; they seemed to know by a kind of instinct that upon the holding of this line depended the salvation of the army; and while we beheld the grand old hero, Thomas, dismounted and among us here and there at intervals during that afternoon, we realized to some extent the importance of the sacrifice we were making. There was no time to take prisoners there. At the close of an assault or counter-charge the remnant straggled back to their respective lines, if they escaped the ridenen of the foe, and the cruel struggle went on.

Longstreet was not accustomed to failure, and on this occasion, when the preponderance of numbers was on his side, he felt it the more keenly; hence his superhuman efforts to dislodge us. How the impatient old fighter must have felt to see his pet troops, his invincibles, rolled back in disorder time after time. Now, after 20 years of calm reflection, it is the opinion of the writer that had our ammunition train staid with us during that bloody Sabbath the Confederate burial party, which laid away 500 dead, gleaned from only a portion of our front, might have found their work doubled.

It is no use now to assert what we might have done with full cartridge-boxes, haversacks and canteens, but history generally does not seem to have learned that on the part of the Fourteenth Corps, at least, the battle of Chickamauga was

FOUGHT ON EMPTY STOMACHS

and with dry canteens dangling at our hips. All night long before the battle of the 19th we were under arms or marching, and reached the left only in time to go without breakfast, and help to spoil Bragg's plan of cutting us off from Chattanooga; and though munching dry crackers during the intervals between charge and counter-charge may have kept our stomachs from open rebellion on Saturday, it ill prepared our worn bodies for the work of the following day. Hunger and thirst, next to a desire to do duty as true patriots, reigned supreme.

Just here the writer wonders what would be the reply of a certain State Senator were one to approach his desk during a lull in the proceedings and accuse him of being the first to make a dash for the haversack of a brave Mississippian as he tumbled over the rail pile among us, dead, and ask him if he did not get more than his share of the Southerner's cold johnny-cake while the writer was transferring his cartridges to a depleted cartridge-box for loyal use.

To attempt to enumerate all the scenes that passed before one's vision in that panorama of Sunday afternoon would be idle, and the writer submits his account as a portion of what he saw during the battle. He omits the deeds of daring which would seem more like fiction than fact, does not laud any regiment or commander, and, above all, would not awaken a profitless discussion in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE which would impair the veracity of all parties concerned.

Night Life and Character.

[*Watchman.*]

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true in the city than the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloon and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theaters are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness and hope out of a thousand lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. Night life in our cities is a dark problem whose depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming. Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write you a chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be: "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman, pacing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do they come out? Policeman, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit? Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning papers the names of all young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would not dare to come home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All-Seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.

A Baby Among the Elephants.

While Forepaugh's show was exhibiting at Orillia, Canada, a few days ago, and after the performance in the circus pavilion had been in progress for nearly an hour, during which time the menagerie tent, containing the animals and elephants, was as usual at such time quite deserted, a woman's terror-stricken shriek, "My child! My child!" rang through the pavilion, and roused the half-dozen animal keepers in the menagerie quarters from their afternoon nap. Hastening to the spot from which the screams came, a woman was found in the act of crawling under the guard ropes which encircled 12 huge elephants. Another glance revealed the tiny form of a chubby four-year-old boy, standing in the midst of the herd, patting their squirming trunks with his diminutive hands, laughing and shouting, and having a world of fun, all to himself, with his ponderous playmates.

Unnoticed he had strayed from his mother's charge, and, like all boys, discovered the most perilous place in which to expose himself; unobserved by anybody he had walked under the guard ropes surrounding the elephants, and there he stood when discovered by his frantic mother, in the center of a dozen colossal beasts, who were reaching out their huge trunks toward him and begging, as is their custom, for ginger snaps and peanuts, which visitors are in the habit of feeding to them.

Old George Wade, the elephant keeper, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly seizing the frenzied woman, handed her to an attendant, and shouting to the elephants, who were familiar with his voice and presence, entered among them, and gently raising the daring little intruder to his shoulder, carried him to his agonized parent, who, the moment the boy was placed in her arms, fainted and sank to the ground. In a few moments she recovered and bitterly chided herself for her want of attention to her baby boy in thus permitting him to escape from her care.